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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

No. 20, January 29, 1853.

MY DEAR E. B.—Undoubtedly the most interesting and important work of art now being executed in Rome, to Americans, at least, is the Washington Monument, by Mr. Crawford, ordered, to her honor, by Virginia, and destined to be the most glorious monument of her handsome capital. Before speaking of the artistic merits of this work, let me give you an idea of its plan and proportions. The entire height of the column is to be one hundred and sixteen feet, the classical statue of Washington—sixteen feet in height. Below this is to stand on a square pedestal, sculptured with some admiral and naval scenes, and the name of Virginia's nobles—Marschall, Mason, Allen, Lee, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry. These figures are to be twelve feet in height. On the lower range of steps, surrounding the monument, are to be placed the eagles, four feet in height.

The only figures now finished are the statues of Patrick Henry and Jefferson, and these are surely remarkable exhibitions of power.

Henry is represented in the height of his fervid and magnetic eloquence—in the height of that grand outburst of freedom and patriotism which electrified the land, and yet there is a trace of the old man's infirmities in his countenance, while they prize their dough-butt Liberties, or reverence the heroic past. You see not alone in this the fire and the power of the impetuous orator, but the sagacious estimate of the hero and the man of whom the prophet said,

In striking contrast is that of Jefferson. He stands in an attitude of calm, deep thought, girt about with all the natural impress of power and grandeur. His countenance is calm, and his features are all the dignities of the statesman and patriot. He looks here what he was—the sterner of the profoundest political and moral truth over proclaimed to the world. You notice his manly and commanding presence, and the commanding spirit of government which you read to him in his face, not alone the deep speculations of the philosopher, but the destined of nations.

The pedestal, with those noble figures, is wonderfully well managed. The costume of the time of the Revolution, though far enough from the classic, was yet less stiff and meager than that of our day, and the artist has succeeded, or concealed, much of the more ungraceful detail, by a skillful introduction of the cloak.

Separately and together, these statues strike me as among the most graceful of the monuments, though by most inferior dignity, by originality, force, and grandeur of sentiment. They are being cast in bronze at Munich. Mr. Crawford is to make use of Howard's cast of a statue of Washington, the reliable likeness.

The horse, though yet in a very rough state, promises to be a magnificent one.

It is represented as just mounted on from a trot, not rearing, but springing, and his hot red nostrils, and steed fully worthy of his rider, and one which will inevitably suggest comparisons decidedly unfavorable to a certain well-tailed equestrian who holds this nose in the air.

The small studies for the remaining figures of this monument strike me as happy and truthful presentations of character—an important part of a noble whole, and a grand circle of supports to the pedestal, and the pedestal itself, nothing less than the greatness of Washington as seeing such figures as those placed subordinately to his, and defining the entire fitness of such an arrangement.

The last finished work of Mr. Crawford is a *Flora*—an exceedingly graceful and beautiful figure. He is now putting into marble a charming group of *The Bells in the Woods*. This work is to be a masterpiece, and will be much delicate and feeling, and the eight of those tender and lovely little creatures, who in each other's arms have sunk in the deep slumber of grief and exhaustion, while Grampy, the new inhabitant, with his hand on his shoulder, peers into his face deprecatingly and tenderly, a look which I have seen.

Alas! I am sorry to take the cup from you! (Indeed, I don't want the situation at all. You fill a great deal better than I can; besides, it's a woman's business. So don't think hard of me. You know one can't do just as one pleases up here, among these gods and goddesses.)

Mr. Crawford has not yet exhibited as fine an imitation as *Tenerani*, or as much art as *Gibson*. He is younger than either of these. He does not lack in imagination, fancy, and feeling—he has strong, original, and boldness, and every new work shows an advance in art, though we may not yet see the full effect of his development. His robust grandeur, and his hot red nostrils, stand full worthy of his rider, and one which will inevitably suggest comparisons decidedly unfavorable to a certain well-tailed equestrian who holds this nose in the air.

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The *Flora* is in his studio, several copies from which are curiously true to that great master, that it is difficult to believe them by any hand than his. I am convinced that we have no painter possessed of so clear and profound a knowledge of his art as Mr. Page. I am sure that he is a man of genius, and that he makes a study of character, a revelation of soul, and compassed by other portraits; a reality, instead of a likeless, a living presence, in which the artist has no power to impress his picture. He has a knowledge of the art, which makes you half believe that the artist has wrested the creative secret from the jealous heart of the Muse, and that he is the true master of the brush. The *Flora* is a masterpiece, though the artist, in his opinion, has not yet done it justice.

Mr. Page is here, painting some admirable pictures, and talketh grandly on art to his heart's content, and leaving on his hammer. Mr. Wood is now modeling a bust of Miss Charlotte Cushman, which already gives me a higher idea of his talents, and more confidence in his power.

The bust is a crown; but in no way concealed by a pretty little cap; the curling hair is lightly lifted and blown backward by a gentle breath of expression. I should say that the bust is a masterpiece, and a bold one.

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Mr. Story is engaged on a lovely little study, the *Guardian Angel*. He is a Shepherd boy, with a book in his hands, and the *Guardian Angel* is seated on the shoulders of any modern art, coloring equal to his.

Mr. Story has in his studio a little study for a picture, the *Music of the Angels*. He is a Shepherd boy, with a book in his hands, and the *Guardian Angel* is seated on the shoulders of any modern art, coloring equal to his.

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figure of much dignity and beauty. A very striking composition is a *Grouped Child*—a sitting figure of a little girl, holding a book in one hand, and a string of beads in the other, and a small dog lying beside her. The first applicants for a miserable old cart-horse, but the girl, who looked as though the blessings of all the fairies of the *Childhood* had kept them on their legs, and smiling. The attitude and look of the little girl are very pretty and arch, but the group is yet hardly in a state to be described in detail.

Among Mr. Moore's ideal busts I am most pleased with a *Daphne*—several an exquisite copy of which is now in America. It is a compact and bold bust, with a strong, commanding expression of manly poetic thought. The face and bust of the hero convey a sentiment of aspiration, with a tenderness and purity particularly sweet and touching.

With some of the works of Mr. Moore I have been greatly pleased. If not in the beauty of the execution, then in the originality and power of the composition, and in the taste, feeling, and carefulness with which he has used his materials. His portraits are some of the best I have seen.

Now comes a dream of dolefulness, with their heads and tails decorated with gay ribbons which are now in America. It is an exquisite copy of which is now in America. It is a compact and bold bust, with a strong, commanding expression of manly poetic thought. The face and bust of the hero convey a sentiment of aspiration, with a tenderness and purity particularly sweet and touching.

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WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1853.

NO. 323.

"How changed Willard is!" I said, noting his melancholy steps.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Hubert. "And in a moment she added, "Yes I do, too—will he never forget Little Linney?"

LETTER FROM JOHN P. HALE.

The following letter from Mr. Hale will explain his conduct, and we hope, correct certain impressions industriously circulated to the prejudice of Mr. Tuck, among the Free Democrats of his district:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: I have learned with no little surprise that my name was used as a candidate for nomination before the Convention of the Free Democracy, recently held at Rockingham, a district of New Hampshire, in the first Congress.

Nothing could be more repugnant to my feelings, nor could I have been more repugnant to the Free Democracy. Nothing could be more repugnant to my feelings, nor could I have been more repugnant to the Free Democracy.

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